

HE WAS OUTCLASSED

An' dey wasn't no one to fotch her anything to eat an' she couldn't leave de nes' on account o' de minnows, so she jes' kep' right on a-settin', day in an' day out, an' a-gittin' mo' an' mo' thin an' po' ev'y day, tell she jes' nachally got so thin she couldn't kiver de aigs an' dey wouldn't hatch out nohow. An' de thinner she got de mo' she couldn't kiver de aigs, an' de wouldn't hatch out, an' so she kep' on a-settin' and a-settin' tell she jes' stahved to death an' tu'ned bottom side up an' floated off. An' de yether feesh done git all de aigs."

"Well," replied Wilkinson, "that must have been a fool catflesh, why—"
"No, she wasn' no fool catflesh, why—"
"No, she wasn' no fool catflesh, neither," exclaimed the old man, warmly. "Deed she wasn't. Dat catflesh had a heap o' sense."
"Well, then why didn't she do as the cat tific Fish Stories.

SOME REMARKABLE CATFISH

Written for The Evening Star.



Y FRIEND WIL-kinson is an ichthy-ologist—goes in for studying fishes and their structure and bones and pedigrees, and he is really very well posted on his hobby. He can tell you how many spines a shiner has in his back fin or how many joints an eel has in his spinal column, or

But Wilkinson persisted.

The Dorns Catfish.

"If that catfish had only had half the

sense of another one I know about, called

Doras, which lives in South America, she

would not have been troubled by the min-

news. When the breeding season comes

the mates crawl out on the land and scoop

out a hele in the beach. When that is done

A Fighting Catty.

This was a rather heavy shot for the old

darky's equanimity. He shifted uneasily,

but evidently determined to make another

effort to keep up his side he said, after a

"Well, sah, dat 'minds me of de man

whut owned de place nex' to my ole mahs-tah's, down in Ferginny. Dey was a gret, big catfeesh lived down in a deep hole in

couldn' res'-an' he went to wuk, sah, an

cotched dis 'yah catfeesh an' trained him an' trained him so he'd come but w'enevah dis man w'istle. An' he lant dat catfeesh

spurs didn' have no mo' show agin him

wid he's spikes than a goslin' agin a weazel. He'd tek dat feesh in a tub o'

watah an' go ovah to Marylan', sah, an' whop anything dey could fotch agin him,

an' all he'd have to do would be to stan' roun' w'en de feesh was fightin' an' souse him now an' agin wid a dippah of watah.

Lan'! but he sholy did think a heap o' dat feesh. He wouldn' a swopped him fur a

The Electrical Fish.

"That was a pretty smart fish, no doubt,

but let me tell you about a catfish which

lives in the Nile in Egypt. You know

where that is-where Moses was found

smong the bull rushes. Well, this is an electrical fish. If you touch it anywhere,

particularly on the belly, you will get an

electric shock—the same as when you touch the ends of a broken telegraph wire or catch hold of the handles of one of these

machines you see on the streets for testing the strength of the current you can stand.

You know what I mean, don't you, uncle's

That is the kind of a catfish Malapterurus

The old negro was slowly pulling in his line. He wound it deliberately, drew up his

tring of half a dozen fish from the water, licked up his bait can and rose to his feet.

placid Wilkinson with mingled wonder and reproach. "Fo' de Lawd! Ef you ain' de

More Remarkable Fish.

"No, no," replied Wilkinson, earnestly.

'You are mistaken, uncle; I have not told

you a single thing that is not strictly true. No, the trouble is that you don't know

very much about catfish, as many as you

have caught. I'll venture to say that there are many kinds which you would not know to be catfish at all. There is the South American fish, Callichthys, which is cov-

ered with big, bony plates, like armor. It leaves the water like the ones we were

brick, then hurried on, shaking his head. C. B. H.

Scissors for Soft Boiled Eggs.

From the New York Times.

"Don' say no mo'! Don'-"

"Fo' de Lawd!" he gasped, surveying the

outrageous, de mos' beatenes' liah

electricus is.'

He got so as a chicken wid he's

pause:

any other foolish, useless thing like that without stopping to think. But he is what people would call a crank, to a certain extent, and I have seen him absently counting the bones in a codfish ball at breakfast, from pure force of scientific habit. But he is a nice, clever fellow, and we often take long strolls together, when I sometimes let him talk on his pet subject. This is a considerable boon to that kind of a man, so we are good friends. Not long ago we were rambling along the

wharves, as we often do, and came upon an eld darky, who was patiently angling for his favorite channel catfish. He must have been between seventy and eighty years old, and was a specimen of the old stock who were brought up in slavery—one of the kind you can never pass without speaking to, so we stopped and inquired about his luck. He replied in a very courteous manner, and a short conversation developed, on his part, a decided tendency to volubility. This was a decided tendency to volubility. This was artfully encouraged by Wilkinson, who finally asked that question so often fatal to snakes and such things, are pretty safe." the moral faculties of men:
"Uncle, about how large was the biggest catfish you ever caught?

Pow'ful Big Cattles.

The old man at once fell into that reminiscent, ultra-truthful air which the fisherman, whatever his color, always assumes when he begins to lie, and said slowly:

"Well, sah, dat is a hahd question. W'en I was a young man an' lived down in Ferde creek on dis man's place, undah a sycomo' tree, an' dis catfeesh he'd come out'n
de watah jes' lak de one you all's ben
talkin' 'bout. An' dis 'yah man he was a
gret spote-fit chickens an' sech, tell you ginny an' uster feesh in de Rappahannock I done cotched some pow'ful big cattles, sah. Pow'ful big. I rec'lec' one time I was a-feeshin' at night—dat's de bes' time fo catfeesh an' eels, sah—an' a catty tuck hole onto my line, an' I says to my ole man, who was a-feeshin' in de yether end of de dug-



"Catties."

out: 'Pap,' says I, 'dey ain' gwine to be no mo' feeshin' fo' dis niggah dis night. My line done hung up on a lawg.' An' I up an' guv it a yank, an' de catfeesh he up an' guv a yank back an' upsot de dugout. But de line was tied fas' to de seat, an' I hung onto de boat, an' de ole man he hung on, an' timeby we paddled her asho on a mud bah. An' wen we got her right side up an puncti dat fish in, sah, he was mos' as long a laig an' weighed fo'ty-eight pounds. Dat's jes' as true as I'm a-settin' hyah."

Forty-eight pounds is not large for a cat-fish, but it is larger than the old darky had ever seen, for the species of the Atlan-tic slope never grow above sixteen pounds. But Wilkinson ignored the inaccuracy and

No Fool Catfish.

"That was a pretty large catfish, uncle, but I heard of one that was caught in the Mississippi last week which was over four feet long and weighed one hundred and sixty-one pounds. There are two kinds in the swamps and rivers of Africa, cailed Clarias and Porcus, which grow to be over six feet in length; and silurus glanis, of the rivers of Europe, sometimes weigh as much as four hundred pounds."

The old man expressed no astonishment, and his countenance did not change. He accepted it quietly as the natural sequence of his own yarn, and that it should be of heavier caliber was, of course, inevitable. He sat with his eyes fixed intently on his line and was evidently mustering his faculties for another effort. But Wilkinson

"There are really some curious things about the catfishes, and, taking them all together, I think they are about the most interesting of the orders. You know most fishes are cannibals, and will devour their offspring as soo as they are hatched, or their eggs as soon as they are laid, for that matter; but the catfish is different. It is wonderfully careful of its young, and swims around followed by its brood just like an old hen with her chickens. If they are attacked they skurry to her, and she will fight for them with the greatest flerce-ness. Some species are nest-builders. They will construct a regular nest, and when the eggs are deposited the male will defend it with the courage of a hawk. Did ou know about that, uncle?"
"Did I know 'bout dat? Sut'n'y, I knowed

but dat," replied the darky, scornfully.
"Ain't I nevah seed de ole she-catfeesha-settin' on he nes' an de Cle he-catfeesha-hustlin' roun' chasin' de minnows? Cose I has. W'en I was a pickaninny dey was a pa'r o' catfeesh done made a nes' in de creek right by de house, an' me an' my brudder uster see 'em mos' ev'y day. An' with neatness an one time my brudder he cotched de ole he, an' de ole she kep' right on a-settin'. ABOUT MARK TWAIN

How He Was Forced to Lecture in Washington Without Warning.

HIS ATTRACTIVE WAYS

Reminiscences of the Popular Author and Lecturer.

A FAMOUS BANQUET SPEECH

A book has recently been published, entitled "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. Considering the facts that Joan lived and died in the early part of the fifteenth century, and that Mark was born along toward the middle of the nineteenth century, thus requiring him to draw upon his meemory for narration of events personally observed by him about four and a half centuries before he was born, captious people might want to know the processes by which his mind had accomplished this fact. I do not belong to that faction. My faith is unlimited in anything Mark Twain may say or do.

A few years ago it was my good or ill fortune to be at the head of an executive office under the federal government in Washington. One day during a session of Congress, a slightly built, gray-haired man was ushered into my room, bearing a note of introduction to me from Senator Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut. The man was Mark Twain. I was glad to meet him, and told him so, following the statement by another to the effect that something more than than twenty years before I had listened with a good deal of delight to a lecture delivered by him in Washington on the sub-ject of "The Sandwich Islands."

An Unpremeditated Lecture.

exclaimed the old man, warmly. "Deed she wasn't. Dat catfeesh had a heap o' sens."

"Well, then, why didn't she do as the catfish called Arius, which lives down in Central America and over in the East Indies? As soon as the eggs are laid the male takes them in his mouth and keeps them there until they are hatched out. He doesn't loaf around one place day after day. He goes where he pleases and takes his eggs along. Why didn't she do that?"

"Yah, yah!" laughed the old man, with great incredulity. "Catfeesh go roun' wid he's mouf stuffed full o' aigs an' not swaller 'cm, rur cough 'em out? How 'bout when he chew he's grub. Chew up a'gs an' all? Yah, yah! Oh, no! Dat fool catfeesh you all be'n talkin' 'bout ain' no sech fool as dat. No, sah. She ain't trustin' her aigs in nobody's mouf to git chewed up."

"Fish don't chew," replied Wilkinson.

"Oh, go long!" said the darky, with some irritation.

"Well, they don't. But why didn't she do this, then: There is a catfish in South America which carries her eggs around stuck to the under part of her body. She does not starve to death watching a nest, and her eggs don't get stolen, either. That fish's name is Platystacus."

"Dey ain' no use ir tellin' me no sech names. Dey ain' fitten, an' don' wan' to hyah nuthin' 'bout 'em. A man kain't feesh an' talk, nohow."

But Wilkinson persisted. "Oh, yes," said Twain, "I delivered such a lecture in this city, and the history of that production was peculiar. I came here at that time for rest and to visit some of my friends. Congress was in session, and I expected to have a good time. I arrived in the city at night, and being tired did not

in the city at night, and being tired did not care to leave the hotel for any purpose until morning.

"When I opened the daily paper next morning at breakfast, what was my amazement to see an announcement in the advertising columns that I would deliver a lecture that evening at the old Lincoln Hall on the subject of the Sandwich Islands. I had no such lecture on hand. Nobody had asked me to deliver such a leclands. I had no such lecture on hand. No-body had asked me to deliver such a lec-ture. Not a soul had spoken to me on the subject, nor had I spoken to anybody im-mediately or remotely hinting toward such a performance. To say that I was angry, would imperfectly describe my mental con-dition. For once, language seemed too poor to enable me to do the subject justice. I longed to meet the miscreant or miscreants who had taken such liberties with my name. But the more I reflected on the subject, the more the embarrassments of the situation dawned upon me. Suppose I should make a public statement of the facts that the announcement of the lecure was without my authorization, knowledge or consent. Half the community

edge or consent. Half the community would not believe me. They would think there was some advertising dodge in some way connected with it.

"As you may imagine, my appetite had disappeared, and my breakfast was left upon the table untasted. I wanted to find my unknown advertising agent. When I visited the hotel office I found huge posters were the wells making the mediant the second of the s ters upon the walls making the same an-nouncement as was contained in the newspaper advertising columns, and that the whole town had been billed in a thorough manner.

Taking the Bull by the Horns. "By a careful series of inquiries I learned that an old personal friend of mine, whose libations sometimes led him into extravagancies and inconsistencies, had put up this job upon me, not through pique or malice, but in his exuberance at learning I was in the city, wanted to give a demon-stration of his admiration for me. That explanation settled my fate. I saw I was in for it. I could not inform the public that the whole miserable business was the result of a drunken freak on the part of che of my personal friends. So I went to my room, denied myself to all visitors, and devoted that day to writing a lecture on the subject of the Sandwich Islands. What you heard on the night you spoke of was

The lecturer had no reason to be ashamed of the performance. He had a magnificent audience. Representatives and Senators, bureau and cabinet officers, citizens and strangers filled all the seats of the immense hall, and there was not even standing room in the aisles. "The Innocents Abroad" had been published only a short time before and the rubbles only as Abroad" had been published only a short time before, and the public had been quick to recognize the fact which that work dis-closed, that side by side with the quaintest wit there were specimens of rhetoric which marked the author as a master of English prose.

A Drag-Net Lecture.

As may be supposed, the Sandwich Islands did not constitute the sole topic of that lecture. It was used as a sort of drag net to bring before the audience incidents and imageries which had been floating in the mind of the lecturer in his long experience as a traveler at home and abroad. I called his attention to one illustration he used in the course of his lecture to show how mean human nature could sometimes be. He said: "In a mining district in California there was one day a miner engaged in preparing a charge for blasting rock. With tamping rod in hand he was tamping, tamping, tamping, but in an unlucky moment he gave one tamp too much. The charge exploded prematurely, and that miner shot up into the air like a cannon ball. At first he looked about as big as a small boy, then about as big as a cat, then about as big as a bee, and then he went out of sight entirely. By and by he reappeared. At first he appeared to be about as big as a bee, then about as big as a cat. then about as big as a small boy, then he landed on the same old rock, the tamping rod entered the same old hole, and he cor nenced tamping, tamping, tamping. That man wasn't gone more than fifteen min-But don't you think that mining company wanted to dock that man for lost

When Twain brought the note of introduction to me I supposed his chief purpose was probably to look through the institution then in my charge; but as our conver sation progressed and heads of divisions and callers from the Capitol dropped in on official business and were introduced to him, he became the center of a captivated group of listeners, who remained as long as they could hear him talk.

talking about, and travels around every-where on the land in great droves. You don't need a hook and line to catch them At a Chicago Banquet. —you don't even need a dog, unless it might be to dig them up out of the ground, for they often bury themselves—all you have to do is to take your basket and your hoe and go out and dig them as At the time of his Lincoln Hall lecture in Washington, Mark Twain's hair was black, and as he stood at the front of the you would sweet potatoes. And there platform I thought he was a splendid specimen of young manhood. About ten years afterward I saw and heard him again "There are lots of other armored catat the banquet given in Chicago in honor fish which you would never recognize in the world unless you knew the characterof the return of Gen. Grant from a trip around the world. The occasion called toistics of the order. You ought to know those, uncle. I'll tell you what they are. In the first place, the Nematognathi—that gether more military and literary celebrities than are likely to be seen again in one assemblage in a generation. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, Logan and many other military officers less in rank were is the catfish order—are always either naked or covered with osseous scutes. Barbels are always present, and the sub-operculum is invariably absent. The maxillary is only rudimentary. The parietals and the supraoccipital are confluent and the four anterior vertebrae are co-ossified and are provided with ossioula available. there; and among the gentlemen announced for speeches were Robert G. Ingersoll, Stewart L. Woodford, Emory A. Storrs, Leonard Swett, William F. Vilas and Mark Twain. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the and are provided with ossicula auditus. You will notice that, uncle. Then there is no mesopterygium—"

The old darky had been standing with morning when the toast to which Twain was to respond was read. Naturally, after a sitting of nearly nine hours at the banqueting board, interest in the proceedhis hand raised and his jaw wagging in the vain effort to say something or to stop the ings might be expected to diminish, and specches to pall upon the ear of hosts and glib, incomprehensible torrent, but with a gesture of impotent rage he turned and mests. But when Twain mounted a table to respond, every face in the great dining hall was turned toward him. The subject of the toast was "Babies," and from the nobbled off the wharf. Just before he left our sight he stopped and picked up a beginning to the end of the response there was uproarious laughter. No speech of the many brilliant ones of that night compared with this. As I remember the event after a lapse of seventeen years, some of Twain's sentences come to my remembrance. "If," said he, "any young husband here thinks he is the head of his household and of Egg scissors have come. They take off the top of the breakfast soft boiled egg

ceasing literary toll to lighten his burden of

SHORT STORIES BY M. OUAD

Story of an Umbrella.

The man with the yellow goatee meant to ride several blocks further, but, catching sight of a friend on the sidewalk, he hurriedly left the car, and his umbrella was left leaning against the front door. As many as a dozen passengers took notice of his heedlessness, and of the six or seven without umbrellas every one decided to secure the estray for himself. It took cheek to walk up to it, but a red-headed man finally arose, looked around the car, and then advanced to the front door and looked out, at the same time grasping the handle of the umbrella. As he turned to make his way out of the car, a man smiling said:

"Excuse me, please, but I shall need my umbrella when I get off the car."

"Is this your umbrella?"
"It is, sir."
"Look here!" said a third man, as he half rose up, "it's a mighty queer thing that I can't let go of my umbrella without some one gobbling it up!"
"You don't claim this?" queried the man who had it.

"Certainly I do."
"Why, it's my identical umbrella!" gasped the second man.
"Ah, there, don't walk off with that!" put

'An, there, don't walk off with that!" put in a fourth. "I've lost about a dozen umbrellas on this line this year, and am getting tired of it. Just put it back where I left it, will you?"

"Not much he won't!" exclaimed a fifth man. "There is a lert in the left it.

"Not much he won't!" exclaimed a fifth man. "There is a law in this state to punish umbrella thieves, and I'll see that it's enforced if this thing goes too far! Why don't you pick my pockets for a change?"
"Now, then," said the red-headed man, "you can't play no game on me! I guess I know an umbrella which I've carried for six months. Every one of you must have seen me stand it up against the door as I came in."

"No, we didn't!" shouted the others in chorus.
"Then I'm a liar, am I? Then I'm a would-be thief, am I? I don't want no row, but"—
At this moment the man who owned and left the umbrella boarded the car, after a hot run, and, advancing up the aisle, he reached out for his property, with the re-"That's like me-always leaving it be-

"Jest so, sir—expected you back for it," said the red-headed man.
"Yes, expected you back," added No. 2.
"Yes, it's his umbrella!" chorused the others.

hers. "I was almost afraid it would be gone," "Oh, no! no!" exclaimed the disput-ants together. "We knew it was yours, and were saving it for you!"

Wreeked by a Cigar.

"Thanks, but I never accept cigars from any one," said the man with the yaller whiskers as he waved the case away. "It's an idiom of mine, and I hope you won't be offended "

"Afraid of poison?" queried the other. "Oh, no, no. I had a little adventure with a cigar once upon a time, and I don't mind relating it. Our firm in Chicago was after a big contract down the state, and I was sent down to Springfield to work a certain sent down to Springfield to work a certain man who would throw the job our way. As luck would have it, I met him on the train, and as we were both smokers we talked over our cigars. I accepted one of his on the go off, and when we had finished 'em I handed out my case. There was just two cigars in it. One was the last of a box—the other had been given me by some acquaint-ance to try. By the time we lighted up a second time I had my little scheme working all right, and was patting myself on the back, but wreck and desolation were on my

"Train run off the track?" "Train run off the track?"
"No; not that. The man had smoked about one-third of that cigar when there was a s-w-i-s-h! bang! and she exploded on him. It was a torpedo cigar which some miserable cuss had put off on me for a joke, and it worked my ruin. My man had his mustache and eyebrows singed, the end of his nose blistered, and his eyes filled with ashes, and he arose in his wrath and fell ashes, and he arose in his wrath and fell upon me.

"Couldn't you explain?"
"When he had me by the hair and was blasting my blooming eyes? Not much! Explanations were not in order. He punched thunder out of me in about a minute, and, of course, we lost the contract and I lost a good sit, and that's why I buy my own cigars and don't want to mix in any extras." cigars and don't want to mix in any extras.

A Modest Request.

From the Chicago Tribune. "I don't ask you to remove your hat, miss," plaintively spoke the little man in the seat behind her, "but if you will kindly refrain from wabbling your head I will take it as a favor. I am used to the high hat, but I am not accustomed to the wab-

ble, and it confuses me and obstructs my view of the gentleman in the orchestra who performs on the kettle drum." "Sir!"
"Thank you, miss. I don't mind the high hat, but I confess the wabble did bother me a little. Ever so much obliged. I can see

"Sir, I-"
"I beg you won't apologize, miss. It was entirely inadvertent on your part, I am "If you say another word I'll call the

him quite distinctly now.'

"Bless you, miss, that will not be necessary! I'm acquainted with all the ushers. Any of them would be glad to oblige me by

"Il call him for you, miss. Here, Jerry!"
"I am entirely capable of calling him, sir! I'm going to ask him to bring the manager of the hall!" "I assure you, miss, that will not be nec-essary, either. The manager is my son-inlaw. He will merely instruct the usher

For the young woman, trembling with indignation, had removed her hat.

A Mocking Birds' Dance. From Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

With bodies stiff and straight as an arrow, head erect and feathers flattened. wings drooping loosely forward, but tails elevated at as an acute an angle to the body as possible, the dancing solemnly begins. The eyes are steadily fixed, and as methodically as any soldiers upon drill, they sturdily go through the movement of bounding, rising quite high, and descending in very nearly the same place each time, rom one end of the playground to the other, back and forth, always keeping the line about a foot apart. As each one nears his or her corner, each slowly and digni-fiedly turns a complete circle, then again faces the other, always diagonally, and slowly bounds back, to repeat the move-ment at the other end. Sometimes both will turn away to look off at some distant object, just as a cat will apparently forget the mouse she is tormenting. That, how-ever, seems to be only a part of the ceremony, for soon both turn back and the

lance is resumed.

One day I chanced to witness one of these pretty sights as it took place beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large orange tree, but the scene was interrupted quite unexpectedly. Just at the most graceful part of an intricate pirouette a very puffy and motherly old hen, who, with an unlimited number of offspring, had been serenely picking up a dinner close by, evidently fela sudden impatience at the sight of all this folly, for, to my surprise and amusement, she made a quick rush and dashed between these happy mockers, startling them almost out of their senses. Instantly the at-mosphere was permeated with two separate and distinct streams of silk-splitting fire. each fully a rod long, as the two angry birds departed for the protection of a with neatness and dispatch, making the rest of the edible easy of access with the small egg spoon.

consequence there, let him walt until the ach fully a rod long, birds departed for the neighboring lemon tree.

be ignored, and he may consider himself fortunate if he is not driven in humiliation and disgrace to retirement in the back yard." "One baby in the house is equal to a riot, and two babies are equivalent to an insurrection." "White'er any of you may ever do, let me beg of you hever to indulge in an ambition for twins."

At the time of this Grant banquet Twain's hair had commenced to show threads of silver. When I saw him in my room in Washington, only a few months ago, his locks were white, and his face showed the wrinkles which time brings to all remorselessly. But his spirits were as elastic and his mind was as clear as in his young manhood. One of the most pathetic eyents in the history of this talented author is his loss of a fortune, honestly accumulated, and the necessity which is upon him in his old age of unceasing literary toil to lighten his burden of debt.

The purpose of this invitation extended in the trial Treatment Entirely Free.

The purpose of this invitation extended in the property of the talented author is his loss of a fortune, honestly accumulated, and the necessity which is upon him in his old age of unceasing literary toil to lighten his burden of debt.

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The purpose of this invitation extended in the property of the minute free clause must not of the minute for the minu

Captain William Hunt, 513 E st.

"It was just about ten years ago

that I began to get deaf. I grew so

deaf I could not hear the door bell

ring or a clock tick. I have an alarm

clock at home, but I could not hear

Cept. Wm. Hunt, 513 E st. n.w., tes-

tifies to Dr. McCoy's skill in curing

ing from an engine. When the

weather was bad my hearing was

The Ringing Noises

were enough to drive a man crazv.

"Down at the Pension Office my

fellow employes would have to

speak in a loud voice to make me

"I attend St. Patrick's Catholic

Church, corner 10th and F streets,

I Could Not Understand What Was

"Rev. Father D. J. Stafford has a

splendid voice, his enunciation is

clear and distinct always, yet I would

have the greatest difficulty in dis-

"At the meetings of the Rawlings

Post, G. A. R., any of my comrades

can tell you that I was so deaf I

might as well have staved at home,

I Can Hear Distinctly

or less deaf, seeing my improvement

followed my advice, and are now

Maurice Clagett, 215 A st. s.e.: "For

quarter of a century I had been Peaf. Ordinary

Dr. McCoy. I can now hear in my left ear or-

dinary conversation; my right ear was almost stone deaf. Today I distinctly heard an auction bell a block away. I hear the clatter of horses' hoofs; sounds which I had not heard in years."

Mrs. Maria D. Bradley, 919 F st. s.w.:

"I was very deaf, and had ringing and buzzing

scunds in my ears all the time. I could not hear

ordinary conversation. People would have to shout

Oscar Rundgvist, 218 Harrison st.,

Anacostia, car inspector, B. and P. R. R.: "I

could not hear ordinary conversation. I would have

to ask questions repeatedly. There were whistling and ringing noises in ny cars like steam. I could not hear the clock tick. Since taking Doctor Mc-Ccy's treatment I am improving wonderfully well. I can hear the clock tick several feet away.

DR. McCOY CURING DYSPEPSIA.

Mrs. Joseph Sykes, 1214 19th st. n.w.

"I had been a sufferer from acute Dyspepsia for

years. At times it seemed as though something

were pressing on my stomach. I had severe head-

were pressing on my stomach. I had severe headaches. There was sharp, lancinating pains in the
back and sides. After eating there would be a
sense of fullness, nausea and depression. I seemed to lose all ambition and spirit."

"I went to Doctor McCoy. He has entirely cured
the pain. I have no more headaches. I eat and
sleep as well as I ever did."

DOCTOR McCOY'S MONOGRAPH ON DISEASES

OF THE SKIN CAN BE OBTAINED BY SENDING

conversation I could not bear at all. I went to

Doctors McCoy and Cowden."

th day no topic d

tinguishing what he said.

even worse, and

OF CURING THE DEAF.

the Trial Treatment Free clause must not be misunderstood. It is simply the result of the Farrous Physician's desire that the public may obtain without cost an adequate knowledge of the treatment which is the perfected result of his life work, which, like his earlier treatment given to the world ten years ago, will soon be in general adoption by the profession, which has worked such | than I could ten years ago. cures in Deafness and Bronchial Diseases alone as to startle the old school practitioners, which has already proven by the wonderful record of results that it will be the treatment of the future. In extending this invitation Doctor McCoy desires that its terms be unequivocal.

Every person in Washingon to whom life has be come a burden by reason of the filthiness and suffering of common Ceta:rh of the Head, Nose and Throat may now apply at the offices of Doctors McCoy and Cowden and receive a trial treatment free of charge.

Every person in Washington who has become discouraged and tired of the vain fight they have been making against the cough, the choking spells and the ever-recurring agonies of Asthma and Bronchitis may now apply at the offices of Doctors McCoy and Cowden a.d get an inkling of what may be done for them by a better system of treatment than they have heretofore been receiving. They will be cheerfully accorded a trial treatment without charge.

Every person in Washington who has lost strength of heart and strength of tody and is becoming pale, emaciated and lantern-jawed and melancholy by the sickness, the torture and the starvation incident to chronic Catarrh of the Stomach may now apply at the offices of Doctors McCoy and Cowden and receive, without expense, an explanatory admit istration of the treatment that has restored so many thousands of gloomy dyspeptics.

Every person in Washington who may be under going the flery agonies of Rheumatism or the blight, the suffering and the disfigurement of Eczema, or the weakness, failure, misegy and decay due to any common form of .- hronic disease, may now apply at the offices of Doctors McCoy and Cowden and get a glimpse of happier conditions in store for them under the McCoy system of treat-

The free trial treatment will be accorded to al upon personal application.

To those who continue treatment until cured there will be no expense beyond the regular nom-

Dr. McCoy Curing the Deaf. and unless I got down in a front pew

Mrs. Mary E. Webster, Twining City, s.c., D. C.; "I became totally deaf in my left ear. Later my right ear became affected and gradually Later my right ear became affected and gradually grew worse. I could not catch a word of ordinary conversation. When one wanted to speak to me it was necessary to touch me in order to attract my attention. I could not hear the clock tick. I had ringing and buzzing noises in my ears, and at times a fuliness that felt as though wind was pressing against my ear drums. I had tried different medicines without success. Reading of the many cures made by Doctors McCoy and Cowden, I went to them. The buzzing and ringing have now stopped entirely, One night there was a popping, cracking sound in my cars, and then something seemed to give way, and I could hear again. I can hear now distinctly."

as far as my hearing anything was Miss Virginia Loveless, 2108 Verconcerned. Since my treatment mont ave.: "I had been deaf a number of years, and at times almost totally so. The roaring and with Doctors McCov and Cowden buzzing noises in the ears were dreadful. "Since I have been treated by Doctors McCoy and Cowden the noises in my ears have stopped and my hearing has so improved that I can understand the sermon in church and hear distinctly sounds that before I could not distinguish. I now hear and understand conversation in an ordinary ordinary conversation. all notice the change and speak of it.

Miss Eliza Pope, 910 I st. s.e.: "My right ear was entirely useless. I could not under stand ordinary conversation. The doctors I went stand ordinary conversation. The doctors I went to told me the drum of the ear was broken. I had noises in my head that sounded like escaping steam and ringing. When I went to Doctor McCoy the Denfness had lasted for eight years. Doctor McCoy said my case was curable. I can now hear the clock tick across the room. I hear the thunder for the first time in years. Now I can hear the birds singing in the trees outside of the house."

George Cecil Hyde, 3400 Prospect ave.: "I could not hear ordinary conversation. ave.: "I could not hear ordinary conversation.
"Since going to Dr. McCoy my hearing has been restored. I can hear conversation clearly."

Mrs. Hyde, the boy's mother, said to the writer:
"We notice remarkable change in our boy's condition. We test his hearing every day, and find he will answer us now. An happy to say that he is doing excellently. He hears me when I address him in a very ordinary tone."

John M. Clark, 917 26th St. N. W.: " had noises in my ears that at times made it impossible for me to hear at all. They were like the ringing of bells, the buzzing of a sawmill and escaping steam. I could not understand conversation. All sounds seemed dull and confusing. I finally went to Doctors McCoy and Cowden. I can hear conversation in ordinary tones, and the not have disappeared."

P. F. Milligan, 115 4th st., n.e., Captelling every one my deafness is cured. I was deaf for 18 years; could scarcely hear a word; I would press a clock to my ear and Lever hear it tick. I was deaf as a brickbat. Doctor McCoy cured me entirely. If there is anybody who does not believe it let him come and see me in person."

Frank Miller, 533 9th st. s.e., expert machinist: I could not hear a sentence a short distance away. Sounds were confused. I had to ask people to repeat. I could not hear my watch tick. Buzzing sounds were constant. Since taking Dr. McCoy's treatment my hearing has been restored.

Patrick McGraw, 214 E st. s.w. (85 years of age): "I had been hard of hearing for

Justus E. Griswold, 205 Pennsylvanla ave .: "I had to take my watch and press it very hard against my left ear to hear it at all. I could not hear speakers at a distance. Under Doctor McCoy's treatment I notice a wonderful change in my hearing."

COPIES OF DOCTOR MCCOY'S MONOGRAPH TION TO THOSE DIRECTLY INTERESTED IN INTENDED ONLY FOR THOSE WHO ARE AF-

The Joke on the Jokers. From the Philadelphia Record.

Tricks played upon bridal parties don't always turn out as the jokers intend them to. In the baggage room at the Hotel Han- old and only thirteen inches high. It was over is an old trunk, gaily decorated with born on the farm of Israel Hunton, in Orwhite ribbons, old shoes, bags of rice and ange county, Ohio, and is regarded as one of the marriage rites. The trunk bears a tag, on which is written the names of the bride and groom, but it has never been claimed. The supposition is that the trunk

A Wonderfully Small Horse. From the Rural World.

Ohio lays claim to having the smallest horse in the world, being now two years thirteen inches high, and is undoubtedly the smallest equine specimen on earth. Dot, as the midget is called, has a remarkis merely a dummy. The bride and groom evidently sent their own baggage away and left the old trunk as a decoy, and the jokers have had the tables turned on them. Dot, as the midget is called, has a remarkable history, for, unlike other dwarfs of her race, she was the product of an ancestry of ordinary, every-day horses. SERIOUS BRONCHITIS.

W. A. Ulle, 641 Maryland ave. s.w., conductor Pennsylvania railroad: "About five years ago I had a severe attack of Bronchitis. I had n.w.: "I am now 77 years old. It may seem strange to some people to hear me say I can hear better now to hear me say I can hear better now to hear me say I can hear better now ing fits. I steadily lost in weight.

"I was hawking and spitting all the time. There Painful Tightness Across My Chest. My appetite was poor, and sometimes I would go

thing.
"My throat would become parched, making it difficult to swallow. I was in a very serious con-

"With this deafness I had terrible Remarkable Cures by Dr. McCoy in Washington in cases similar to mine. I believed noises in my ears like steam escapthat if he could cure others he might at least help me. He has not only helped me, but about cured me. The treatment has had a wonderful effect. The pains in my head have gone and I seldom feel the tight pains across my chest. My head is clear, and my appetite is always good now. It could not be better."

CURED OF ECZEMA

IN ITS WORST FORM.

J. W. Ewing, Clerk Auditor's Office of the Treasury for the Post Office Department; "Small, dry, scaly sores, running together, which my body, was diagnosed by physicians as Eczeria in its worst form. I suffered all the agonies, it seemed to me, that any one could. Burning sensations began in my feet and formed a circuit,

incrsing my body.
"My hands, feet and ankles were swollen and painful. I could not bear the touch of clothing. Physicians failed to relieve my pain. "I tried every available remedy, without suc

"When Doctor McCoy instituted a national practice in Washington I was impressed with his re-markable record, and I went to his office.

"After a week's application I felt a great im-provement. I was relieved from the intense itching, and gradually the blotches grew less. Now I am entirely cured."



s.e., D. C., testifies to Doctor McCov's skill in curing Deafness.

DOCTOR McCOY CURING BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.

A. S. Dent, 1124 B st. n.e.: "For cearly three years I suffered from Brotichitis, and asthmatic trouble. I was subject to intense parox-ysms of coughing. There was a choking of the "The little alarm clock gets me The little alarm clock gets me tubes and shortness of breath, and occasional pains out in the morning now. My friends back of the breast bone. Medicines seemed to have no effect. There was a hawking, spitting and discharge of mucus. Then there was a tightness The ringing and buzzing sounds across the chest and dryness in my throat. I could have ceased altogether. I can hear scarcely breathe at times. Physicians told me

had asthma.
"I lost thirty pounds in weight. I was very the wagons in the street, the cable bells and other sounds with which I feeble, not being able to get upstairs without great

exertion,
"Having beard of Doctor McCoy's remarkable had been unfamiliar for many years. "Many of my associates at the skill, in the treatment of asthmatic and bronchial Pension Office, who have been more trouble, I sought his aid.

"The treatment has proved satisfactory beyond expectations. I do not have the pains across the chest, as before, I have gained in tesh and weight, My vigor and strength are returning, and I am bethaving their hearing restored by ter in every way."

THE ONLY TREATMENT AND CURE FOR CATARRH.

A. S. Johnson, 1240 9th St. N. W., the well-known heating and ventilating contractor, after a course of treatment at Doctor McCov's offices.

"For 15 years I was a sufferer from catarch, atfeeting my head, throat, bronchial tubes and

stomach. "I could not digest my food properly. I would have violent attacks of belching, caused by gas on the stemach. After eating there was a sensation of weight resting on my stomach. I tried all known remedles and succeeded only in finding relief for n few hours. Having learned something of Doctor McCoy's skill in the treatment of catarrhai, for Metoy's skill in the treatment of catarrhal, bronchial and stomach troubles. I went to him. The treatment has benefited me worderfully. I do not have the stomach trouble. I am a new man in every way. I am satisfied that bector MeCoy's is the proper treatment for catarrh. I have placed my boy with him for treatment, and have also recommended it to several friends of aline who are afflicted in a similar way."

McCOY SYSTEM OF MEDICINE 715 13th Street Northwest.

Dr. J. Cresap McCoy, Dr. J. M. Cowden. Consulting Physicians.

Office Hours, 9 to 12 n.m., 1 to 5 p.m., 6 to Sp.m.,daily. Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m

AN APPLICATION THROUGH THE MAIL. IT IS CATARRH WILL BE MAILED ON APPLICATION TO THOSE DIRECTLY INTERESTED IN THE

FLICTED WITH SOME FORM OF SKIN DISEASE. CURE OF CATARGHAL DISEASE. Electric Light in Indian Temples.

From Tid-Bits. The temples of India are to be lighted with electricity, the example having been set by the great shrine of Siva, at Kochicaddie, near Mutwal, in Ceylon, and is to be speedily followed by the equally vast will adopt the same improvement, till all the holy places of the peninsula are so equipped that by pressing a button they can be instantly illumirated, like a modern hotel or theater. The innovation is enough

to make Siva and Vishnu, and even the great Grahma himself, gasp and stare.



(In a restaurant)-Nothing surpasses rubber shoes-even in bad weather the feet keep dry.





(At home)-Thunder, how did I get my